

Poems

By

A. I. Ambler.



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Jessie Reed,
And Other Poems.





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AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

A. I. AMBLER.



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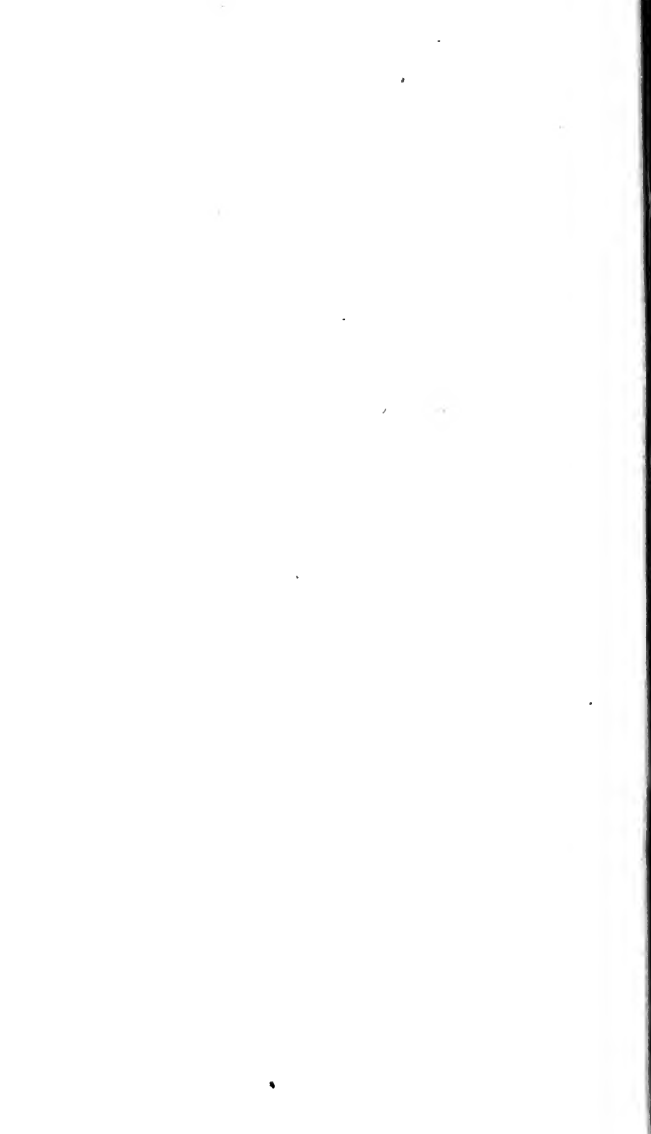
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TO
MISS SALLIE WALKER
These Poems
ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



(v)



Introduction.

It has been with great hesitation that I have ventured to present the following poems to public notice. In these years, "dabbling in poetry" seems to have become so universal, that critics are disposed to look coldly on the struggling efforts of one just entering the literary world; and many a volume, the patient labor of years, is condemned to lie neglected and forlorn on the bookseller's shelves. It is hoped, however, that this small book will not meet such an unhappy fate. The poems contain nothing deep and labored enough to call down a lengthy criticism; and coming, as they do, in the beautiful Christmas-time of the year, may they find a generous public ready to appreciate merit, if there be any, and to overlook the errors that may chance to occur: and so, my little book,

Go forth thy fate to meet;
Censure disheartens, but all praise is sweet.

A. I. A.

(vii)





Jessie Reed,
And Other Poems.

Jessie Reed.

OH! cold and drear lies old Krayneer
On an inlet of the sea,
And ever around its rugged coast
The winds howl dismally.

Oh! rough and brown are the hardy men
That dwell here by the sea,
But all day long, with the ocean's voice,
Rise their songs so wild and free.

They toil not 'neath a monarch's power,
Nor to mammon bend their knee,
But they lift their heads, and with joyous hearts,
Bless God for liberty.

Here walks no slave, with soul forlorn,
 Longing by death to be free ;
Here comes not the voice of the iron wheel,
 But only the grand old sea.

Though cold and drear lies old Krayneer
 On an inlet of the sea,
Sweet happiness breaks the spell of gloom
 With its angel-melody.

Now once in a land more warm and bright,
 A lady sad to see,
Asked, with repining in her voice,
 “ Oh ! where can happiness be ?

“ Few faces bright with undimmed joy,
 It hath been mine to see,
But many a one whose wistful eyes
 Told a secret misery.”

Now there chanced to hear the lady pale,
 A sailor bold and free,
And he lifted his cap from his honest brow,
 And smiled right merrily.

“Few faces hast thou gazed upon,
That seemed all joy to be,
But, lady, hast thou ever dwelt
In Krayneer by the sea?”

Then the sailor paused and said no more ;
But the lady up spake she,
“I hear ’tis a bleak and barren shore,
All desolate to see.”

“Bleak and bare,” the sailor said,
“Is Krayneer’s coast to see,
But the lovely peace that brightens its gloom
Was beautiful unto me.

“And the rugged men that dwelt therein,
Oh ! they toiled so merrily,
And gladdened that bleak and barren land
With their joyous revelry.

“And a frowning brow, and weary eyes
Were rarest things to see ;
Oh ! the sweet content that blessed their toil,
Taught a life-long lesson to me.

“ And happy the wife of each happy man,
 With her little ones round her knee ;
And the babe on her bosom lulled to sleep
 By the music of the sea.

“ And fair were the maidens that there I saw,
 With the beauty contentment gave,
And the cheeks aglow with the healthy breeze
 That swept o’er the ocean-wave.

“ Brownd were their faces by the sun,
 But lovely they looked to me ;
And their meek, soft eyes that shyly drooped
 Were beautiful eyes to see.

“ And oh ! the little ones that roamed
 This land so wild and free,—
When I listened to their joyous mirth,
 My heart beat happily.

“ Like angel-children they seemed to me,
 So fair and pure to behold,
With their smiling lips and gentle eyes,
 And hair like burnished gold.

“ Full many a time they ’ve thronged around,
And questioned me eagerly
About the land that I left when I sailed
To old Krayneer by the sea.

“ And when I ’d tell of the wonders rare
Of the land so dear to me,
They ’d beg the old sailor to tell them more
Of the glory far over the sea.

“ But much I marvelled the little ones,
As I each story told,
Ne’er said as other children would, —
‘ Ah ! could I thy land behold ! ’

“ But once a little maiden asked,
‘ If many children were there, —
And were they not very good and kind,
In a land so warm and fair ? ’

“ Then I kissed the little one’s rosy cheek,
And I kissed her wee brown hand ;
Oh ! never saw I such happy babes
As dwell in this bleak, cold land.

“Full many a time have I stooped and touched
Those young brows reverently,—
Brows in whose meekness joy and peace
Was shadowed God’s majesty.

“Full oft those little innocents
Have lain against my breast,
And many a pure and sinless babe
These arms have lulled to rest.

“And each hour I passed on Krayneer’s coast
I loved them more and more,
For they led me nearer to Heaven’s pearl gate
Than ever I’d been before.”

Now all this while the lady pale
Had listened eagerly,
And when he ceased, she fain would know,
“How far this land might be?”

“Oh! many a mile,” the sailor cried,
“Across a stormy sea;
The dreariest voyage that I ever sailed
Was that one voyage to me.”

Then said the lady, with wishful eyes,
 "I had hoped that land to view
Where dull repining flees away
 From hearts all good and true."

Then answered the sailor, "If God permits
 And all goes well with me,
I sail ere long in our gallant ship
 To old Krayneer by the sea."

Then up spake the lady with joyful voice,
 " Why then I 'll sail with thee ;
For many a weary mile would I go
 That God-blest shore to see."

The lady hath crossed the ocean wide,
 Her dreary voyage is o'er,
She hath found that the sailor's words were true
 Of old Krayneer's rugged shore.

She hath found that sweet content and peace
 Make "humble lives divine,"
And she murmurs softly to herself,
 "Would some of that peace were mine."

And as she walketh along the beach,
Forth come the children to see ;
“ Oh ! never to old Krayneer’s rough shore
Came a lady so grand as she.”

And the happy maids and the gentle dames
Glance towards her timidly,
And they whispering say among themselves,
“ A very proud lady is she.”

Then the lady lifts her costly veil,
And the maids and matrons see,
That her beautiful face looks troubled and pale,
“ Oh ! a very sad lady is she.”

For she hath a weary, suffering look,
As she hath seen sorrow and fears,
And her lovely eyes so dark and bright,
Are liquid with unshed tears.

Then up spake the lady, with gentle voice,
“ For this I have come unto ye,
That I may behold the blessed peace
That gladdens this land by the sea.”

Then answered a matron with peaceful eyes
And a brow unsaddened by care,
“It hath been said that we ’re more blest
Than many in countries fair.

“Oh! many a stranger grand and proud,
From lands far over the sea,
Hath kissed our little ones’ rosy cheeks,
And lifted them on his knee.

“Oh! many a stranger hath bared his head
To our maidens courteously,
And many a maiden hath sailed away,
The wife of a noble grandee.

“But ne’er came a stranger to Krayneer’s shore,
That spoke not of the love —
The love and the peace which make our cold land,
In joy like the Land above.”

Then said the lady sad and pale,
“For a while I will dwell with ye,
And perchance the love which gladdens your lives
Will throw its pure charm o’er me.”

And the lady dwelt with the lowly ones.

Till she learned to love them well,
And in view of their sweet humility,
Strove her worldly pride to quell.

And every day with their little ones,
She walked by the restless sea,
And its voice, once discordant unto her ear
Became glorious harmony.

Now in Krayneer dwelt a little maid,
Oh! a bright little maid was she,
And her young voice gladdened her lowly home
With its clear, rich melody.

And it chanced one day, as the lady walked forth,
This little one she did see, —
Oh! thought the lady, could angel of Heaven
More beautiful be than she?

Though brown was the little maiden's face,
'T was lovely as face could be ;
And her waving hair, like a glittering stream,
Flowed round her radiantly.

Then the lady beckoned with her white hand :

“Come hither, sweet child, to me,
For never before on Krayneer’s shore
That happy face did I see.”

But the little maiden was wild and shy,
And from the lady fled she ;
And the lady looked after her as she fled,
And laughed right merrily.

Then the children that walked by the lady’s side,
Back brought they the little maid :
“Now tell me, little fairy bright,
Why wast thou of me afraid ? ”

Then the child kissed the lady’s pale, sad face,
And played with her jewels bright.
“Oh never,” she cried, in her joyous voice,
“Did I see such a beautiful sight !

“Oh ! they shine like the drops of the sea in the
sun,
But more beautiful far are they.” —
“And wouldst thou like such jewels to wear,
Now tell me, wee maiden, I pray ? ”

“ Oh! I have a little brother at home,
With silky dark-brown hair,
And his baby-face, my lady bright,
Like yours is pure and fair.

“ If this chain were mine, I'd twine it round
His little throat so white,
And then he would clap his tiny hands,
And laugh at the wonderful sight.”

Then said the lady to herself,
“ She hath my heart beguiled ;
Fain to my lonely splendid home
Would I bear this little child.”

“ Now tell me, I pray thee, winsome maid,
Wilt thou not go with me,
Unto my grand and beautiful home,
And a proud little lady be? ”

“ Oh! how could I leave my mother dear,
And my little brothers three,
And forget my father humble and poor, —
And a proud little lady be? ”

Then said the lady to herself,
 “A loving heart hath she,
Ah! if the Lord of Heaven would give
 A blessing like her unto me!”

Then she bent and kissed the innocent face,—
 Oh! she kissed it tenderly;
“Now tell me, fair child, of thy humble home,
 And the ones so dear to thee.”

“Of all the homes in old Krayneer,
 My home is nearest the sea;
And we walk on the beach the livelong day,
 I and my brothers three.

“And when evening comes, my mother dear,
 She gathers us round her knee,
And then we bow our heads and pray
 For my father out on the sea.

‘Ch! my father is a sailor brave,
 A goodly ship sails he,
’Tis many a long and weary month
 Since I his face did see.

“But my mother says, he will come to us,
In the sunny month of May,
And I and my little brothers three
Wait patiently for the day.”

“Now of thy little brothers three,
I pray thee, maiden, tell,
For glad are your eyes when you speak of them,
As if you loved them well.”

“My oldest brother hath seen six years,
A tall strong boy is he ;
My father calls him his brave little man,
And loveth him best of the three.

“My second brother my mother loves,—
Oh! she loveth him tenderly,—
And she loveth him best because , she says,
Not long with her will he be.

“For his little face is white and thin,
And daily fadeth he,
And when he sleeps, o'er his wasted form
My mother weeps mournfully.

“The youngest boy my darling is,—
Oh! I hold him close to my heart,
And never will I, while on earth I live,
From my baby-brother part.”

Bright stood the tears in the lady's eyes,
But sweetly her sad lips smiled;
“Now unto thy humble but blessed home,
Pray lead me, fair young child.”

Then the maiden walked by the lady's side,
Holding her jewelled hand;
Oh! a prouder little maid than she
Dwelt not in Krayneer's land.

“My name, dear lady, is Jessie Reed,”
Quoth the little one bashfully;
“Now I pray thee, tell me, lady pale,
What name shall I give unto thee?”

“Oh, call me Lady Amabel,
My fair little Jessie Reed.”—
Cried Jessie,—“Lady Amabel!
'Tis a very sweet name indeed!”

Now when they came to young Jessie's home,
Near the door sat a matron fair,
And she held a child upon her knee,
Combing his dark-brown hair

“ Oh! mother, 't is Lady Amabel,
And she hath come to see
My very humble, but happy home,
And my little brothers three.”

Up rose the matron, with gentle smile,
And she took the lady's hand,
While the four young children gathered round,
A joyous little band.

Then said the lady to herself,
“ This dame is of gentle birth,
More nobly beautiful face than hers
Could scarce be found on earth.”

Dark were the matron's beaming eyes,
And very dark was her hair,
And the hand that rested on Jessie's head,
Like the lady's, was small and fair.

“Now tell me, Dame Reed,” said the lady pale,
As near the matron sat she;
“Now I pray thee, tell me of old Krayneer,
Thy native land, maybe?”—

“Nay, lady; I came from a fairer land,
But not so dear to me;
And I fled from my grand and stately home,
To old Krayneer by the sea.

“Oh! my father slept in his marble tomb,
And my mother slept by his side;
And naught they left to their orphaned one,
Save ‘a name of ancient pride.’

“But I had an uncle stern and cold,
Who took me to his home,
And ’mid every splendor that gold could give,
My childish feet did roam.

“But though my uncle’s wealth was mine,—
For no other kin had he,—
I knew that his cold heart loved me not,
And the years passed drearily.

“ And at eighteen, Lady Amabel,
I was weary of my life,
Till I met and loved a sailor brave,
And he claimed me for his wife.

“ Then my uncle laughed loud and scornfully ;
Oh ! I think I hear him now :
I tell thee, girl, thy husband must place
A coronet on thy brow

“ But dearer than wealth, and power, and pride,
Was my brave young sailor to me ;
And I fled with him, at the dead of night,
To old Krayneer by the sea.

“ And very happy I have been
On this shore so drear and wild ;
And very happy I would be now,
But for my dying child.”

Then said pale Lady Amabel,
As she wept in sympathy,
“ Thou wilt not mourn for thy sinless child,
When thou hast listened to me.

“Oh, I had a boy, a gentle boy, —
He was life and love to me,
For his father slept in his tombless grave,
Under the rolling sea.

“And this child’s soul clung unto mine own
With a wild intensity;
Oh, never a boy his mother loved
As my sweet boy loved me.

“But there came a time in his manhood years,
When he turned away from me,
And followed one, who loved him not,
With a mad idolatry.

“To see the dark despair in his eyes,
Where once mirth used to be;
To see him from my kisses turn,
Oh! ’t was worse than death to me

“And at last, one night, one dreadful night, —
The like may you never see, —
They brought him home, with a gash in his head,
All cold and dead to me.

“ And I heard them murmur, soft and low, —
 ‘ By his own rash act died he ;’
Then my reason fell from her throne, and warred
 With the demon Insanity.

“ Oh ! I kissed my darling’s bloody brow,
 And I shrieked in my agony ;
And I prayed that God, with his strong right
 hand,
 From my life would set me free.

“ Yet I lived,—I lived with my maddening grief,
 But my heart was turned to stone ;
I saw my darling laid in his tomb,
 And I uttered not even a moan.

“ But that night, in my restless sleep, I dreamed,—
 I dreamed that I was in Heaven,—
And I saw my boy with his brow all clean,
 And on it was written, ‘ Forgiven.’

“ And the chorus of angels rose grand and clear,
 As I clasped him to my breast,—
‘ Now welcome, Lady Amabel,
 To the Country of the Blest.’

“ Oh ! dare I hope, when I leave this earth,
That dream fulfilled to find ? ”—

“ And so thou wilt,” cried Jessie Reed,
“ For God is good and kind.”

“ But, child, he took his own young life,
And fell in sin and pride.”—

“ Nay, weep not, Lady Amabel,
For sin Lord Jesus died.”

“ O Jessie, little comforter,
Heaven bless thy sunny heart ;
Thou 'lt cheer thy mother, when by death
She and her boy must part.”

Then said Dame Reed : “ Oh ! lady pale,
My woe is joy to thine ;
Now, by God's help, no more will I
For my pure child repine.”

Oh ! there were but four in young Jessie's home,
Ere the merry month of May,
For the little brother, pale and meek,
To his rest had passed away.

“Now, where is my other, my gentle boy?”

Cried the father, bold and brave;

“Alas, for the little, gentle one,—

He sleeps in his tiny grave.”

Then loud and long wept Robin Reed,—

Oh! he wept so bitterly;—

“Now, pray, did the boy, before he died,

Ever think or speak of me?”

“O father,” cried Jessie, “he longed for thee,

And he asked dear mother to pray,

That God would leave him on the earth

Till the sunny month of May.

“But when the last great spasm came,—

Though he uttered no moan or sigh,—

He closed his weary eyes, and said,

‘Pray God to let me die.’”

Then the sailor wiped his tears away;—

“No longer will I weep.

Now why should I wish, in my selfish love,

The boy in his pain to keep?”

Then he gathered his children round his knee,
And he kissed them o'er and o'er.

"Why if I have one sweet child in Heaven,
On earth I have three more."

"Now who is Lady Amabel?"

Asked the sailor wonderingly,
As the children talked of a lady pale,
And what a good lady was she.

Then said Dame Reed, "'Tis a lady that came
From a land far over the sea ;
And very pale and sad is her face,
For a sorrowing heart hath she.

"But more of happiness she hath found
On this bleak and barren shore ;
And her heart hath been blessed by a sweeter
peace
Than it knew for years before."

"But," cried young Jessie, sorrowfully,
"Erelong the lady will roam,
And leave us all who have loved her well,
And go to her beautiful home.

“And, father, she prays me to go with her,
And her own little daughter be;
But ne’er will I leave my own dear home,
For a home unknown to me.”

Oh! the sea, the sea, the grand old sea,
It soundeth endlessly,
And “it singeth ever with mighty voice,
Of death and eternity.”

Now why is young Jessie’s cheek so pale,
Where the bright flush used to be?
And why do her feet, once bounding and swift
Now walk so wearily?

Why plays she not on the sandy beach,
As she played there once before;
And why does the voice that once sang clear
Now warble its carols no more?

All day long sits Jessie Reed
Near a window fronting the sea,
And her baby-brother sits at her feet,
With his head upon her knee.

And in the meekness of her eyes
Dwells a spirit of prophecy,
That tells, not long on Krayneer's shore
Will the sailor's daughter be.

Oh! dim grow Robin Reed's blue eyes,
As he looks on the death-marked brow;
"And if I must lose another pearl,
O Lord, to thy will I bow!"

And this is why his goodly ship
Sails not upon the sea;
He waits to see a pure young soul,
Float on to eternity.

And this is why the lady pale
Lingers on Krayneer's shore,
Near the child that she hath learned to love
As she loved but one before.

But after a time the lady pale
Will go to her home o'er the sea,
And with a soul that forever more
Shall better and purer be.

For she hath learned in this barren land
A lesson of peace and love,
Even such as the Saviour taught us once,
When he came from his throne above.

And when her spirit is sick and faint,
From its sorrow great to bear,
She will think how over this rugged land
Brooded peace and joy so fair.

She will think of a little angel-girl,
That sat upon her knee
And the look which dwelt in the child's meek
eyes,
Ere her soul to its God did flee.

"Now lift the curtain, mother dear,
That the ocean I may see,
And that its breath, so cool and fresh,
May come in unto me.

"And, father, call my brothers in,
They're playing on the shore :
I want to see their merry eyes,
And kiss their lips once more.

“Nay, weep not, Lady Amabel,
For little Jessie Reed,
Soon unto Heaven the blessed Lord
My weary feet shall lead.

“Oh! when my little brother died,
And they buried him by the sea,
I thought, if I died, would Jesus care,
For a poor little maid like me.

“But now I know that his great love,
Cometh unto both strong and weak,
And in the strength of my childish faith,
His mercy I will seek.”

O hour of death! O solemn hour!
God's peace hath cheered thy gloom,
Its incense floats o'er Jessie's head,
And fills the silent room.

Oh! she lay on her pillow cold and white,
But beautiful to see;
And her long light hair, like a glittering stream,
Flowed round her radiantly.

Oh! never such sorrowful tears were shed
As fell, young child, for thee;
And never near unto the Lord's bright throne
Stood holier angel than thee.

Oh, never more hallowed grave was made
Than thine by thy own loved sea,
And never a grander requiem heard
Than the ocean chanted for thee.

Oh cold and drear lies old Krayneer
On an inlet of the sea,
And ever around young Jessie's grave
The winds wail mournfully.



Tempted.

ONCE more I see thee, though never again,
Not though my heart-strings should burst
in their pain;
Flee then forever this hour from my sight,
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

By the pure child that hath lain on my breast,
Whose warm pressing kisses my forehead has
 blest,

By his young spirit in Heaven now bright,
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night

By his great wrongs who now calls me his wife,
Whose heart clings to mine with a love strong
 as life :

Now while my soul is yet spotless and white,
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

That I have lured thee on to this goal,
Hear me confess with dread anguish of soul ;
Now I shrink back from my sin in affright,—
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

Back to thy station, back to thy fame,
Forehead unflushed with the crimson of shame ;
Back while thy honor is still pure and bright,—
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

By the great love I have borne unto thee,
By the great love thou hast borne unto me,
Hear my wild prayer as I strive for the right,
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

By the lilies that droop o'er my old mother's
grave,

By my hope that Lord Jesus hath power to save,
By the dim future all veiled to my sight,
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

By every soul that with Satan hath striven,
By every angel that dwells in yon Heaven,
By the Lord's mercy, and by his great might,
Leave me, O tempter! leave me to-night!

Jesus of Nazareth, pure, undefiled,
Kneeling, behold me, thy penitent child;
He who would lure me away from the right,
Lo! he hath left me, forever to-night!



Paul Hunter.

O BRIGHTEST day of June's bright days,
With sunlight flashing mellow rays,
Till dull dark things seem almost fair,
And beauteous things more sweet and rare!

O day of waving flowers and trees,
With balmy breath of fresh spring breeze,
While white and blue the skies above,
Look down in smiling June-day love.

Paul Hunter closed his weary eyes,
On sunlit flowers and smiling skies,
And careless flung him on the grass,
Near where the tiny brook-waves pass.

Far from the city's restless din,
Far from its haunts of vice and sin,
Came he to dream in secret pain
Of long-gone years and peace again.

This was a man the world called great,
To whom was meted love and hate,
But love or hate to him the same,
So that he gained his wreath of fame.

This was a man whom wealth had blessed,
And fortune ever had caressed,
But dark the brow and stern the eyes,
Now turned from smiling flowers and skies.

In other time it was not so,
But that was long, long years ago,
Ere sweet content in sorrow died,
And gave its place to pomp and pride.

O brightest day of June's bright days,
With mystic peace and dreamy haze,
O day of golden glorious bloom,
With song of birds and flowers' perfume.

Paul Hunter thought him of the hour
When on his breast a lovely flower
Faded and died long years ago,
And left him in rebellious woe.

This maiden lily, fair and pure,
Could ever the stern man allure,
With gentle glance of holiest eyes,
From pomp and pride and sin-born ties.

If she had lived, perchance that now,
Flooded with peace the eyes and brow,
Had pictured soul that as of yore
Thought less of earth, of Heaven more.

The pale, proud woman, now his wife,
Had not the power to call to life
The olden joy, the peace divine,
Nor bid him quaff of love the wine.

Paul Hunter thought him of the bride,
That knelt all prayerful by his side,
Laid wealth and beauty by his feet,
With cold neglect and slight to meet.

Remembered how in radiant eyes,
Crept saddest look of sad surprise,
Till time at last the story told,
He wedded her for glittering gold.

Remembered how the gay young face,
Grew proud and cold and childish grace,—
Passed into woman's stately pride,
Ere one short year had called her bride.

Ah! for this woman's hidden grief,
But God, the kind God gave relief,
And oft the young wife looked above,
And blessed him for her children's love.

Paul Hunter thought of tiny boys
That from their noisy merry joys
Shrank trembling 'neath his stern dark eye,
And strangely feared when he was nigh.

Forgetting these his treasures pure,
This man, a bubble to secure,
An empty fame, the world's renown,
Had in his heart all love crushed down.

O brightest day of June's bright days,
With mystic peace, and dreamy haze,—
O day of influences sweet,
Floating away so fair and fleet!

Paul Hunter raised his tearful eyes
Up to the smiling June-day skies,
And prayed aloud, long and sincere,
With only God and Nature near.

But God and Nature seemed to meet,
And this man's penitence to greet,
He felt the waves of mercy roll
Over his doubting, troubled soul.

Slowly the glowing sunlight died,
And moonlight, with its silver tide,
Lit up the dewy, sparkling sod,—
Paul Hunter was at peace with God.

Back 'neath the starry evening dome,
Returning to his stately home,
With soul as peaceful as the night,
That fell serene o'er day so bright.

Those who had called him stern and proud,
Saw the great change and marvelled loud;
Those blessed with his repentant love,
Knew the great change came from above.

He cared no longer now for fame,
Nor strove to win a haughty name,
But clasped his children to his breast,
And thought himself more deeply blessed.

His young wife's proud and pallid face
Grew bright once more, and loveliest grace
With happiness came back again,
Over his heart in joy to reign.

The day that fled away so fast,
With loveliness too rare to last,
When God and Nature seemed to meet,
And this man's penitence to greet.

Had brought with it the peace divine,
So that he quaffed of love the wine,
Until his soul, as once of yore,
'Thoughtless of earth, of Heaven more.



Two Lives.

LILIAN'S life is full of beauty, never dimm'd
by care or sorrow,
Joys to her are ever given, richer, rarer every
morrow.

In her loveliness so wondrous, you might think
her radiant face
Like unto the white-winged angels dwelling in
a holier place.

Hair all brightly, softly flowing, veiling brow
unmarked by frown,
Eyes that haunt you with their power, deep and
thrilling mystic brown.

Tiny hands, all richly jewelled, fold like velvet in
your own,
Surely she is queen of beauty, queen of love,
and she alone.

When her voice in music rises, every tongue is
hushed and still,—
Sweet must be the land of Eden where such
strains forever thrill.

When amid the gilded harp-strings Lilian's jew-
elled fingers shine,
You might think she caught from Heaven all
that power of sound divine.

In the ball-room's splendid glitter, Lilian's
beauty reigns supreme,
Women gaze like ones enchanted, stern men
soften 'neath its gleam.

Yet this maiden, fair and lovely, hath not that
which God doth prize,
By whose grace unto yon Heaven we in death
may hope to rise.

Living for the pomp of fashion, blooming like
the soulless flower,
Blooming in the present gladness, caring not for
future hour.

If you were to tell this maiden of the sorrow in
the world,
Of the hearts once proud and scornful, soon
from thrones of glory hurled,—

Of the hearts that know not joy e'en from the
hour that gives them breath,—
Of the hearts that bear their cross and lay it
down to welcome death,—

She would laugh her gayest laugh, and leave
you with some mocking jest,
Well, ah ! well, the end is coming—she awaits it
like the rest.

Let us turn then from this maiden, beautiful, yet
proud and cold,
Unto one whose gentle spirit dwells in form of
plainer mould.

Margaret walks through rugged paths, with
ne'er a word repining,
While peace and truth with hope and love dwell
in her blue eyes shining.

You would say she has no beauty, but her fore-
head fair,
Crowned with silken, flowing waves of radiant
golden hair.

Looking at that peaceful forehead, broad, and
calm, and fair,
You might think perchance that sorrow never
rested there.

But the tender, patient mouth will tell you she
has suffered,
And at the feet of those she loved her own life-
gladness offered.

Margaret's voice is never heard in gay, loud
music ringing
But many an ear hath listened gladly to its low
sweet singing.

Jewels bright have never shone upon the toil-
worn fingers,
But many a touch from loving lips upon them
softly lingers.

Margaret's cheek has never flushed amid the
ball-room's glory,
Its faint yet healthful tinge will tell a far more
peaceful story.

The richness of her gentle spirit, void of pomp
and glittering show,
Rich in grace and holy love, her Lord and God
above doth know.

Of the good that she hath done, in this her life,
yet in its youth,
Child-like in all its innocence, yet womanly in
strength and truth.

Of the sorrow she hath soothed and comforted
with gentlest care,—
Of the hearts that she hath rescued from the
gulfs of dark despair.

Of the hearts that she hath brought repentant
to her Master's feet,
We shall know on that dread day, when at the
Judgment we shall meet.

And we shall know which of these lives God
doth esteem most holy,
Lilian's rich in worldly joy, or Margaret's pure
and lowly.

Richmond.

OUTSIDE Richmond's guarded walls,
Far beyond its stately halls,
Bright young hope our bosoms filling,
Courage bold our spirits thrilling,
Patient stood we day by day,
Watching,—waiting for the fray.

Nightly slept we on our arms,
Dreaming heard war's loud alarms,
Saw the cannon's sheeted lightning,
Saw its fire the heavens bright'ning,

Felt the leaden bullets' storm,
Felt the red blood trickling warm.

Daily turned our waking eyes
To the spot where Richmond lies ;
On our coming fate long wondering,
On our coming fate long pondering,
Saw with throbs of manly pride
Our loved commander 'midst us ride.

Glad we hailed the first deep gun
Which told the battle had begun,—
To the glorious field quick rushing,
'Neath our feet the damp earth crushing,
Proud we marched to meet the foe,
With hearts then light soon filled with woe.

From the breaking of the light,
Brave we fought till dark the night,—
No helping hands there to relieve us,
No fresh troops there to reprieve us,
On the fields now red with gore,
Lost the victories won before.

Seven times on our aching sight
Rose the sun so warm and bright,

From its rising till its setting,
Our parched lips no water wetting,
Till our tongues refused to utter
Words, and we could scarcely mutter,
“ Give us, give us blessed drink,
Ere in death’s embrace we sink ! ”

Ah ! the noble men that perished,
Men so loved and men so cherished,
Looking up with dying eyes
To the heavenly, pitying skies,
To their fainting brothers near,
Murmuring softly, “ Do not fear.”

By those days so dark and drear,
By their anguish and their fear,
By the sorrowing and the sighing,
By the suffering and the dying,
Swore we ne’er to rest our knives,
Till avenged were those dear lives.

Have we since fulfilled our vow ?
Ask the rebels, ask them now ;
Now while faint their bodies languish,
Now while in their souls is anguish,

Now while over stars and bars
Triumphant wave the stripes and stars.

On Virginia's hallowed ground
Our comrades' graves lie circling round ;
Where Potomac's waves are flowing,
Swiftly on to ocean going,
There they sleep the ones departed,
Faithful, true, and loyal-hearted.



Song of Triumph.

NOW, fainting captive, burst thy chain, come
forth from prison-cell ;
Crushed is the power that bowed thee down,
and all with thee is well.
Now, dark-browed slave, lift up thy voice and
praise the mighty Lord,
Who with glad victory hath blessed our right-
eous, conquering sword.

Oh, sing, ye gently flowing streams, and sing, ye
thundering seas,

And sound the anthem of our joy with every cool,
fresh breeze.

Wake, silent glades and stilly vales, wake, lofty,
rocky peaks,

And join the triumph every heart with happy
throbbings speaks.

Now, young wife, tell your lisping boy with sol-
dier-father's brow

How to the dust, 'neath might and right, did
haughty Richmond bow ;

And, wailing mourners, stay your grief, and wipe
all tears away,

Let all be gladsome revelry on this right joyous
day.

For oh ! this day, this happy day, hath treason's
stars and bars

Bowed down in deep humility to Freedom's
stripes and stars.

Then praise the Lord for victory, ye gallant,
patriot braves,

And praise the Lord for victory, ye blood-bought,
ransomed slaves.

O'er Richmond's streets, where rebel flags once
fluttered wide and free,
Waves the true banner that we love,—ensign of
liberty.

O'er Richmond's streets, where freedom once
was crushed in mocking scorn,
The brightest day she ever saw was gayly, gladly
born.

The Lord doth reign; his might is great; who
shall that might gainsay,—
Hath it not given unto us this joyous freedom
day?

We waited long, we watched and prayed, but
God hath blessed us now,
The rebel leaves his stronghold firm, with shame
upon his brow.

God bless ye! noble, patient men, who brought
about this hour,

'Neath whose stern glance dark treason's form
in deadly fear doth cower;

Your names are writ in living fire on the Lamb's
Book of Life

Where shine the holy names of those who fight
in righteous strife.

God rest ye, slumbering heroes too! whose eyes
saw not this day,
Ye hoped for it, ye prayed for it, ere in cold death
ye lay;
Sing, sing in Heaven, for angels, too, love peace
and liberty,
And angel voices join and swell the chorus of the
free.

Rise up, rise up, ye down-trod slaves, rise up, free
men to-day,
Great streams of pure and patriot blood have
washed your sins away;
Lift up your foreheads to the sky, as all your
woes expire,
And let your hearts be filled to-day with free-
dom's holy fire.

Oh fair, free land, thy greatness yet is still in
budding youth,
'T will blossom into glorious bloom 'neath liberty
and truth;
And ever thus shall dawning morn rise o'er the
troubled night,
And ever shalt thou conquer thus with thy strong
sword of right.

The Lord doth reign, his might is great, who
shall that might gainsay,
Hath it not given unto us this joyous freedom
day?
Then praise the Lord for victory, ye gallant
patriot braves,
And praise the Lord for victory, ye blood-bought
ransomed slaves.

Blind Bertha.

IN the hush of the summer twilight,
While day and night are in loving strife,
Gentle Bertha sits at her knitting,
Thinking over the woes of her life.

Ten years old is her first great sorrow,
Ten long years it has pressed on her heart,
Ten long years since the Lord did call her
From a great blessing of life to part.

Ten dark years since her eyes have gazed on
Blooming flowers and smiling skies ;
Ten dark years since the beautiful sunlight
Drifted away from her yearning eyes.

Nine long years since her lover forsook her,
Turning from eyes that were veiled by God:
Nine long years since with bleeding spirit,
Gentle Bertha passed "under the rod."

Eight long years since her loving mother
Died, with her head on the blind girl's breast,
Seven long years since her kind old father
Took up his "everlasting rest."

Six long years since the beautiful sister,
Sorrowing Bertha's hope and pride,
Laid her head on a snowy pillow,
Lifted her hands to Heaven, and died.

Five long years since her noble brother
Wandered away from the path of truth;
Offered up on the world's sin-altar
All the pure glory of his youth.

Four long years since that wayward brother
Far from her clinging love did roam,
Three long years since his fate came to her—
A felon's chain and a prison-home.

Three long years since she went unto him,
Unto his prison 'neath foreign skies ;
Three long years since his penitent kisses
Fell upon Bertha's sightless eyes.

Two long years, since she, in that prison,
Kissed his dead yet glorified face ;
Two years since, with her other loved ones,
He in the church-yard took his place.

One glad year, since weeping Bertha
Brought her soul to her Saviour's feet ;
One glad year since regretful pining
Gave its place to a patience sweet.

Gentle Bertha, sad and sorrowful,
Peaceful, and good, and true withal,
Waiteth in patience for the Master,
Waiteth to hear his summoning call.

Charity.

UP and down the long, long street
Wanders a child with weary feet,
And the winter winds shriek drearily,
And the child sobs faintly, wearily,
Lifts to heaven her little hands,
Fettered and frozen by icy bands;
Lifts to heaven her gentle eyes,
Blue as the blue of the cloudless skies.

“Charity, Charity, humble, mild,
Christ’s own darling, God’s own child;
Are there none that will take thee in?
None of all these hearts of sin?
Faith and Hope, from homes all bright,
Look out upon the winter night;
Then why should their hapless sister roam?—
Why hath she then no joyous home?

“In olden time ’t was said of thee,
That thou wert holiest of the three;
Then why dost thou wander up and down,
This dreary night, through the dark, dark town?

Go, little one, knock at yon stately door,—
They've seen thy innocent face before,—
Ask them to take thee in from the street,
Whose ice and snow cling close to thy feet.'

“Ah! the hearts of men are cold,
The hearts of men, in sin, have grown old;
And I, the beloved, the revered of yore,
Reign o'er their darkened souls no more;
They pass me by with angry frown,
And trample and crush me fiercely down:
Tell me not, then, to sue for pity,
'Tis dead in the hearts of this great city.”

“But, Charity, Charity, have they heard
How the great preacher, in God's own word—
He of the grand and mighty tongue,
Whose fame through Heaven and earth was
rung—
Told of thy beauty, told of thy worth,
Fairest and purest e'er given to earth;
The fountain of pity is surely stirred
In the hearts of those who believe the word.”

“Ah! they have heard, but some have forgot,
And they who remember, heed it not;

They work for Mammon, and war with each other,
Father 'gainst son, and brother 'gainst brother;
For a place in men's hearts I have vainly striven,
I wait till the Judgment shall call me to Heaven."
And the child turns away, and, with weary feet,
Walks once more up the dismal street.



The Two Penitents.

THERE came two beings, once wayward, sinful, weak,
And knelt to a judge called the World, all prayerful and meek:
The one, a youth, lifted up his proud young head,
And unto that cruel judge, in trembling said,
"Oh World, I have sinned, but be thou in mercy kind:
Shall I not hope, for the life before me, in pardon find?"
Then the grim old tyrant bent from his lofty throne,
And these words unto the penitent uttered in gracious tone:

“By thy repentance do I judge thy sin,
Go back to my kingdom now, and thy new life
begin.”

And he raised him up, and the penitent went his
way,
Even from despairing night unto the light of
day.

Then the girl lifted up her face, all wet with tears,
And in the young eyes wavered bright hopes,
dark fears:

“Oh World! I have sinned, yet with my sin
have I striven,
But even as he who tempted me, may I not too
be forgiven?”

Then the World struck the childish forehead
with iron hand,
And left on its snowy whiteness a burning
brand:

“Girl, let my curse fall heavy upon thy heart,
And never more, in my kingdom, with innocence
take thy part.”

Then the girl fell in the road-side, faint and
white,
And little children came and played with her
hair so bright:

But their mothers drew them away, and chiding,
said,

“Touch not, yet sinless ones, that guilty head.”

But as the girl lay in the road-side, faint and
white,

There came unto her a holy being clothed in
light,

And lifted up from the dust that drooping head,
And unto the broken-hearted softly said:

“Fear not, though the world condemn thee, God
has thy sin forgiven.

Lo! I have come to bear thee up unto Heaven.”
And the face of the girl sank on the angel’s
breast,

To be lifted up in Heaven and by God’s pardon
blessed



Deep in the Wood.

DEEP in the wood, one summer day,
A scene of radiant beauty lay;
The sun had drifted down the hills,
And turned to jewels the mountain rills.

But deep in the wood—the heart of the wood—
Placid and calm the water stood ;
Shining and clear each tiny pool,
Placid and calm, clear and cool.

Up from the earth, moist and soft,
Sprang the wee flowers, leaning oft
Over the shore of a mimic lake,
Seeming to long their thirst to slake.

Deep in the wood—the heart of the wood —
Where the mountain rills all silent stood,
Two little children dabbled their feet,
And played in the water cool and sweet.

Two little children — frolicsome boys —
Each alike in his griefs and joys,
Passionate, wilful, noble and warm,
Lovely in face and lovely in form.

Each a truant from watchful care,
Each well knowing 't was wrong to be there ;
For nurse had scolded, and mamma had frowned—
“ Little children were sometimes drowned.”

But here in the woods, careless and gay,
The naughty children laughed in their play,
Laughed at the hour, stolen and sweet,
And splashed the water with bare, white feet.

Look at their faces pure and fair ;
Look at their beautiful eyes and hair :
Tell us, which is the low-born one,
Which is the haughty baronet's son?

Look at their dresses: tell us now,
Ah ! 't is the one with the whitest brow
He is the haughty baronet's son,
The other is Reuben, the low-born one.

Two little children — frolicsome boys —
Alike in their griefs, alike in their joys ;
One the young heir of pride and wealth,
The other the child of toil and health.

Beautiful cambric, snowy and white,
Homespun linen, clean and bright ;
As little these children care for their clothes,
As cares for her beauty the wild-wood rose.

“O Percy, what would your papa say,
If he knew you were here in the woods at play
With little Reuben, the low-born one?
You a haughty baronet’s son.

“And your mamma, too!”—“But did n’t you
know

That my mamma died years, years ago;
When I was so tiny I could not speak,
And so very young and so very weak?

“I cry for my mamma a long, long while,
When nurse is cross, and papa won’t smile;
There ’s no one will play with me home, at all,
Because they ’re all grown, and I ’m so small.

“When I go to Reuben, they bring me away,
And nurse, and all the servants say
That papa would scold, if he were to know
That I love to play with Reuben so.

“But often and often nurse goes out,
And when none of the others are watching about,
I ’m off to the woods, and Reuben comes too,—
But papa would scold, if he only knew.

“It’s so pretty here: and so cool and still
That I love to come here—and so I will.
You can make as much noise as ever you please,
And there’s no one to scold and call you a tease.

“His mother don’t like it,—Reuben’s, I mean;
But to-day she’s not home, and no one has seen.
And we’re going to stay here more than an hour:
But I sha’n’t take home with me one wild flower.

“Because, if I did, then nurse would ask;
And, maybe, she’d give me some long, long task;
And then you can’t think how she does scold,
She’s so very cross, and so very old.

“But little Reuben—he loves me so,
That he would n’t tell—and no one will know.
I love to play with him, he’s so good—
And I love to be in this beautiful wood.

“Sometimes we quarrel, but soon forget;
And we’ve never been really angry yet.
Oh, is n’t it cruel for nurse to say
That I must not with little Reuben play?

“ Sometimes I think, it ’s because I ’m so small
That my papa don’t seem to love me at all :
But little Reuben — he ’s smaller than me,
And his father loves him so tenderly.

“ I would be very happy, I know,
If my dear papa would love me so ;
But maybe he will when I am a man,
And I ’ll try to grow just as fast as I can.”

Look at those faces, pure and fair,
Look at the beautiful eyes and hair ;
Tell us which is the low-born one,
Which is the haughty baronet’s son ?

Two little children — frolicsome boys —
Alike in their griefs, alike in their joys ;
What care they for this pride of birth,
What care they for the wealth of the earth ?

Dabbling their feet in each tiny pool,
Splashing the water fresh and cool,
With never a thought of the after-years
That will come to them both, so fraught with
fears.

“But, Percy, the hour of play is past,
And it’s time to hasten home at last ;
Pull on the little stockings and shoes,
There’s not a single moment to lose.”

“Just a little while more, a little while more,
The wood was never so pretty before,
And what do I care if nurse does scold,
She’s wicked and ugly, and cross and old.

“I know it’s naughty to call her so,
But only Reuben hears me, you know ;
Oh ! I forgot, God does, too,
But he would n’t be angry if he knew.

“Yet I think he does, for when papa is sad,
And there’s nothing at home to make me feel
glad ;
When no one will sing me one little song,
And I feel so lonely the whole day long ;

“I go by myself, and I kneel and pray,
And you would n’t believe all the things I say ;
God never gets tired of listening at all,
For he’s very patient with great and small.

“And after my praying, nurse does n’t scold
And she don’t seem so very ugly and old ;
And papa has kissed me, and softly said,
That I look like my mamma, years, years dead.”

Oh the water, the water clear and cool,
Could any one drown in that tiny pool ?
Little Percy is all alone,
And timid little Reuben has gone.

The sun is going down in the west,
And naughty children must soon be at rest ;
Oh ! Percy, what will your papa say,
And you in the woods here still at play.

“Just one more flower, just one more flower,
It is n’t so very much more than an hour ;
They ’ll know where I ’ve been ; but, papa, I’ll say,
You can’t think how happy I ’ve been to-day !”

Oh the water, the water clear and cool,
Could any one drown in that tiny pool ?
Little Percy leans over the brink,
To take just one more parting drink.

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All night long in the heart of the wood,
Where the mountain rills had silent stood,
Men were rushing wildly around,
Hundreds of feet were trampling the ground

Over the day so peaceful and bright,
Had fallen a dark and terrible night,—
A night of tempest, a night of cloud,
With the lightning-flash and the thunder loud.

The rain came down so thick and fast,
It seemed that the storm forever would last ;
But over the tempest high and clear,
Rose the voice of the father mad with fear

Over the tempest high and wild,
“ Give me the body of my child ! ”
But mocking them all, the thunder crashed,
And the deadly lightning quivered and flashed.

All that little Reuben could say,
Was, that he left him still at play,—
Dipping into the water a flower,
And saying it was n't much more than an hour

But the men who are hurrying round and round,
Know full well that the child is drowned ;
The tiny pools were clear, but deep
And danger lurked in their placid sleep.

To-night, while the rain and tempest rage,
They are curling, and boiling, and bubbling in
 rage ;
Oh ! that the blinding rain would cease,
Oh ! for the daylight's calm and peace.

Hark ! " It is found, — the body is found,"
Wildly the words go round and round ;
How they are weeping, women and men,
It's every one's grief and sorrow then.

Dear little Percy, winning and bright,
Every one loved you that 's here to-night ;
Alas ! for the father, all hope and joy
Forever have fled with the life of his boy.

Beautiful eyes, beautiful hair,
Beautiful forehead broad and fair,
Bare little shoulders, marble cold,
Bare little arms of loveliest mould.

God has taken the Baronet's son,
And left the poor and low-born one ;
For what to God is this pride of birth,
And what to him is the wealth of the earth?

Dear little Percy, wayward and sweet,
Never again will your pattering feet
Over the wild-wood flowers roam,
Truant away from the care of home.

Ah ! when your sorrowing father said,
That you looked like your mother, years, years
 dead,
He did not think you would lie on his breast,
So soon, so soon in the dreamless rest.

Oh ! the tiny pools in their placid sleep,
Oh ! the treacherous water clear and deep.
Dear little Percy weak and small,
No one to hear your dying call !

How you've played in that water cool and
 sweet,
And splashed it up with your bare white feet,

The beautiful water how calm it stood,
In the very heart of the deep, deep wood.

Dear little Percy, the after-years
Will never for you be fraught with fears ;
The hand of the Lord has pressed your brow,
And the white-robed angels claim you now.



A Walk by the Sea.

WITH eager eyes,
'Neath cloudless skies,
I walked by the rolling sea ;
And the surges rose, and the surges fell,
With a mournful melody.
To some the voice of the awful deep,
That knows no rest, that knows no sleep,
May be a dull, unmeaning thing,
But to me its echoes ever sing
A mournful, mournful melody,
As if the grandly rolling sea

Prayed for a little rest and peace, —
Prayed the ebb and the tide to cease,
Hurrying, rushing to and fro,
Praying madly in its woe.
There are hours when each spirit to fancy kneels,
When our world new life and love reveals,
When sweet words are heard in the low-voiced
 breeze,
And mystic sound in the rustling trees:
At such a time I walked by the sea,
And heard its mournful melody, —
Heard in its rise, and heard in its fall,
A mighty voice and a mighty call, —
A call from the depths no mortal may see,
From the ocean-bed's deep immensity.
“ Ah ! they slumber deep, and serene,” I said,
“ Whom the waters cover, the nameless dead ;
But may not this voice that sounds with the sea,
The wail of unquiet spirits be ?
I know that the good and true are there,
Whose souls are free from thought and care ;
But the pirate and murderer rest side by side,
And may not their mourning rise with the tide ? ”
Then I turned away from this thought of sad-
 ness,

And looked up at the sky till I caught its gladness.

“The sky is the floor of Heaven,” I said;
“I wonder if the loved, lost dead
Who left so long ago the earth,
Who wear the crown of immortal birth;
I wonder if their angel eyes
May look down through the radiant skies;
If they may indeed, then my little brother,
Whom I loved with a love that death did not
smother;

Then may his young eyes look down on me,
Walking alone by the troubled sea.
The unknown future lies dark before me,
Its misty veil is hanging o’er me;
But for this I pray, O Monarch of Heaven,
That a crown like his to me be given.

“Over in the west the sun was setting,
The waves of the sea with gold all fretting;
The last sweet day of Summer was dying,
Its death-hymn murmured by ocean’s sighing,
The tide was rising to chide my stay,
I turned from the sea and walked slowly away.”

On the River.

ROWING, rowing,
The cool breeze blowing,
Coming so sweet,
To soften the heat
Of the sun's warm light,
Of the sun so bright,
While our boat swift and airy,
Glides like a fairy
On the waters deep,
Breaking their sleep.

Bending, bending,
The flowers are sending
Their welcomes o'er,
From the blooming shore,
While lilies meek
Shelter seek
Where the sun-diamonds quiver,
Into the river,
And vainly strive
'Neath the water to dive.

Gliding, gliding,
Where zephyrs are hiding.

'Neath rocks looking down,
'Neath rocks that frown,
As in shelter made,
By their hanging shade,
We look up to the skies,
Where the white mountains rise,
And see them break through
Their bases blue.

Thus rowing, rowing,
Heaven's breeze blowing,
Coming so sweet,
To soften the heat
Of the toilsome strife
Of our earthly life;
While angels are bending
And ever sending
Their welcomes o'er
From the Golden Shore.

Thus gliding, gliding,
From the outer world hiding,
In the shelter made,
By our soul's peaceful shade,

Looking up to the skies,
See God's throne arise,
Till our spirit-boat airy,
Glides like a fairy,
On the waters above,
In the Land of Love.



October.

WE, in the dusty city,
Sigh for the summer's bloom;
And we look at the wasted flowers,
And think of their lost perfume.

The autumn winds are calling
Unto the summer, fled;
And the withered leaves, fast falling,
Sigh for the roses, dead.

“Where, oh! sad October,
Is thy beauty, and thy glow? —
Thou’rt gloomier than cold winter,
With all its ice and snow.”

Then grave, old October
Answers in patient tone :
“ All my beauty, all my splendor
Thou hast never known.”

“ Show us then, oh ! sad October, —
And we shall in duty,
Bow before thy loveliness,
And bow before thy beauty.”

Then he leads us far away
To where wild birds are singing,
And nature many a gift divine
With lavish hand is flinging.

Then he shows us sights so wondrous
In their beauty and their glow,
That we think of elf-land stories
Told us long ago.

Shows us sunbeams gayly dancing
In and out the trees,
Trees which bend and sway obedient
To the autumn breeze.

Shows us where the sunbeams falling,
Seem of richer gold ;
Seem to make the tinted tree-tops
Gems of price untold.

Then we say to old October,
“ O'er this day the sun hath shone
With a brighter, rarer brightness
Than we e'er before have known.”

But he answers, gravely smiling,
“ Much I doubt me that your eyes
In the dusty crowded city
Scarcely heed the smiling skies.”

Then to us says old October,
“ With the summer hours
Fade the roses and the lilies,
Fair and fleeting flowers.”

‘ But the dahlias they are with us,
In their gorgeous splendor ;
Are they not as fair to view
As summer flowers tender ? ”

Then he shows us laden vineyards,
Rich in purple glory ;
Like the prince's royal purple
In the elf-land story.

Then he points us to the sky
Where blue and white are blending,
With crimson tints and streaks of fire,
A rarer beauty lending.

Then we say to old October :
" Rich indeed thy glory ;
Richer than the golden jewels,
In the elf-land story.

" Bright thy waving, tinted tree-tops,
Bright thy dahlias blooming,
Sweet the odor of thy grapes,
The autumn air perfuming.

" Sad to us no more, October,
Here we bow in duty,
Bow before thy loveliness,
And bow before thy beauty."

Delnotte's Nativity.

O ARTIST, tell what impulse fired
Thy pencil, and thy soul inspired
With more than earthly skill, to trace
Thy Saviour's form with heavenly grace?
Was it of worldly birth?
Or didst thou from the earth
Thy gaze uplift,
And pray the gift
Of inspiration from above
To guide thee in thy work of love?
Didst thou in awe mysterious ponder,
As o'er the babe's blest form
Thy hand did wander?
And did the light, seeming to pierce the canvas
through,
Gladden thy vision? Shine o'er thee, too?
Came to thy heart the peace and joy which cover
The forms of those who round the manger hover?
And when thou hadst thine easel daily sought,
Fled from thy raptured soul all earthly thought?
And did thy hand with lingering love still lurk,

O'er the last, last touch of this thy holy work?
 And when the blesséd task was o'er, .
 In fancy did thy spirit soar
 Unto the Great Original's throne,
 To dedicate the labor all thine own?
 And didst thou pray its mission e'er might be,
 From passing sin the gazer's soul to free?
 Answered the prayer. Who looks upon thy art,
 Feels the "Divinity stir within his heart ;"
 And adds another flower to the bright wreath
 of fame,
 Circling forever round thy artist-name.



The Slain of the Irish Brigade.

THEY lie 'neath the stars so still and cold,
 Stripling and veteran, young and old,
 And the moon throws upon them her mystic
 light,
 Crowning each head with a halo bright.

Ever anon on the midnight air,
 Come the groans of the wounded, the sighs of
 despair,

The last gasping words of the widow's boy,
And the faintly breathed prayer of the young
 wife's joy.

But mute are their lips, and unlistening their
 ears,
Soothed are their sorrows, and quenched are
 their tears ;
Calmly they sleep in the arms of death,
Clasping the flag which they loved as their
 breath.

Never again will their lips still and pale,
With loud shouts of welcome their brave leader
 hail,
No more will they march in proud victory's path,
No more will the rebel bewail their strong wrath.

Nobly they stood at the head of the fight,
From the dawning of morn till the coming of
 night ;
Then laid their bleeding forms down on the
 plain,
Never, ah ! never, to raise them again

86 · THE SLAIN OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Forgot are the wrongs which they suffered in
life,

Forever they rest from the world's weary strife,
No more will their proud Irish spirits be torn
By harsh, cruel words of ingratitude born.

Calmly they sleep in the arms of death,
Wrapped in the flag which they loved as their
breath,

Still in their cold hands the keen sword they
grasp,

Close to their bosoms the shamrock they clasp.

Hard was your portion, and cruel your fate,
Victims of calumny, envy and hate.

Stout were your hearts and true, strong were
your blades,

Peace to your ashes! rest to your shades!



To a Mother.

O H mother, when with thy sorrow alone,
Thy heart goes forth with a wailing moan,
To thy darling who sleeps in a soldier's tomb.
Forever safe from the battle-gloom.
When thy voice cries out in anguish wild,
For thy pride and joy, thy first-born child;
When presses upon thee that weight of woe,
That only a mother-heart can know;
When o'er thy grief sets the summer sun,
And thy soul still yearns for the absent one:
Go forth in the night, and upward raise
To the glowing heavens thy aching gaze,
Thou wilt see a new star shining on high,
Gleaming and sparkling in the sky:
'Tis the light of his glory that flames so bright,
Falling upon thy soul's dark night;
The anthems of God his spirit now sings,
And in Paradise flutter his angel-wings,
And oh! when such joy and bliss divine
Rest on the boy, canst thou repine?
Yet if still thy heart will no solace receive,
And if still thy grief finds no reprieve,

Lay thy head on thy pillow and dream,
And let the present the future seem;
Then will the glory of Jesus' love,
Guide thee up to his Kingdom above,
And in dreams amid the seraph band,
Thou shalt clasp thy loved one's holy hand.
When free from the earth and its fierce turmoils,
Thou wilt rest from its grief and rest from its
 toils ;

When over thy son and over thee
Shall murmur the leaves of the blessed tree,
And with him in joy thou shalt dwell forever
In that Land where no death your souls can
 dissever ;

Thus let all else be to thee as a dream,
To-night let the present the future seem,
Then will thy heart in the dawn of the morrow,
Be free from its burden of woe and sorrow,
And gladly thou 'lt list to the happy mirth
Of the children who still smile around thy
 hearth,

And peaceful thy life thou wilt journey o'er,
Till thou bidst farewell to the earthly shore,
And on pinions from Heaven upward rise,
To the plain where the Blesséd City lies,

Knocking in fear at the pearly gate,
Trembling and hoping for thy fate ;
Leaving behind thee thine earthly sin,
As the angels bid thee to enter in,
And pressing near to Jehovah's throne,
Thou wilt call the lost once more thine own.



Stars of Heaven.

FAR above us, far on high,
Shining, sparkling in the sky,
See the stars of heaven beaming,
See the lights of glory gleaming,
And their bright yet mellowed splendor
Falls on us so calmly tender,
That we lowly mortals ponder
On the deep mysterious Wonder,
By whose might and will divine,
These His stars and planets shine

Unto hearts bowed down by sadness,
Bring they joy and bring they gladness ;

And the pilgrim journeying lonely,
On his pathway craveth only
That the stars their light may throw
O'er his darkened path below ;
And he lifts his soul above,
Praising God, by whose great love
Shine these glories on our earth,
Tokens of a purer birth.

Stars of Heaven !

Ye are leaven

To the weary sinner's soul,
For your silent twinkling laughter
Seems to say a blest hereafter,
Man of troubles, man of sin,
By much patience thou mayst win,
Bliss surpassing that of earth,
Joy divine and angel's mirth.



The Straight Path.

"Many things are difficult and dark to me," said Maggie, "but one thing I see quite clearly, that I must not, cannot seek my own happiness by sacrificing others."—MILL ON THE FLOSS.

"FROM the splendor of your love,
Unto me some brightness give,
Let me 'neath your eyes' dark glance
Forever live."

"I have prayed, and through my praying,
See the path before me clear,
I shall tread that path unfearing,
Though it be all dark and drear."

"Sad and troubled, wayward Maggie,
Hath thy young life been,
Dost thou think a happy future
Would be sin?"

"Nay, and if to me 't were given,
With thy life to live,
All the sorrowing past would leave me,
In the joy thy voice would give."

"Child, the future lies before thee,
With the joy that thou dost name,

Let me then in truth implore thee,
Let me then thy future claim."

"High and bright the star of duty
Shines upon my troubled heart,
Talk not of the future's beauty,
We must part."

"Never, never God has given
Thee to me,
No more struggling, no more sorrow,
Thy young life shall see."

"Could I live in joy and gladness,
From the hearts of others torn?
All cannot be gloom and sadness,
While I cheer that life forlorn."

"Shall thy life, so full of beauty,
Unto his dull life be given?
Shall our lives in fancied duty
Be forever riven?"

"Call it not a fancied duty,
When I to a life forlorn
Would give some of strength and beauty,
By my own sad past I've sworn."

“Wilt thou then, to cheer his life,
Cloud mine own with gloom,
And give to dark deformity
Thy life's young bloom ? ”

“ At the Judgment he shall stand
Before the throne,
With form unbent, and arm as strong,
As are thine own.”

“Thou art stronger far than me,
I give thee up,
And to the last, last dregs
I drain ‘ this bitter cup.’ ”

He is weak, thou art strong,
He would fall 'neath sorrow,
But thou wilt proudly lift thy head
And smile to-morrow.

Nay; and though I smile no more,
Yet will I not repine ;
He hath thy life on earth,
Thy life in Heaven is mine.

Jewels.

PEARLS as pure as the fallen snow,
Shedding their clear rich white,
Over the ruby's dazzling glow,
And emerald's sea-green light.

Rings of rich and massive gold,
Studded with jewels rare,
Jewels of richness scarce to be told,
That only the proud may wear.

Coral glowing in scarlet splendor,
And coral white and clear,
And the amethyst's light so softly tender,
Mingles its beauty near.

Diamonds that vie with the stars of night,
In almost unearthly gleam,
Brilliants that seem almost as bright
Under the gaslight's beam.

Under the gaslight's beam
The jewels' splendors gleam;
But is it truth or fancy only,
To say that to-night they look strangely lonely.

Down in the silent room below,
The gaslight's softened beam
Falls o'er a face as white as snow,
A jewel which ne'er again will gleam.

And the other jewels are lone and sad,
With no bright queen jewel to make them glad.
They will never glow near a jewel so bright,
As that which hath ceased to shine to-night.



Higher!

“‘Come up higher,’ cried the angels.”

IN the glowing, glorious cloud-land, where the
golden sun is sinking,
Revels all my soul exultant, of that glory inward
drinking.

Oh the untold, unseen radiance, from our yearning vision hidden ;

Oh ! the joy beyond the cloud-land, unto which God's own are bidden.

How the earthly vanishes before the high and heavenly blessing

Of the peacefulness of those who unto God are onward pressing.

Oh ! the fading of the joy that we are from the earthly borrowing ;

Oh ! the petty strifes and quarrels making us so sad and sorrowing.

How we, in our daily life, speak cruelly of one another ;

How we turn away from him, — our erring, yet repentant brother.

And the gold we make our idol, sinning for it all unblushing ;

Underneath their holy feet, God's own elect in Heaven are crushing.

For we know the streets of Heaven are of gold
and jewels gleaming,
Growing brighter in the glory, from the angel-
faces streaming.

Oh! the holiness of those who round the throne
of God are singing;
Oh! the happiness of those who up to God their
flight are winging.

But our earthly duties call us, and we look away
from Heaven;
What if in our sins we perish, unprepared, and
unforgiven?

“Grant me something higher, purer,” cries my
spirit, weak and fainting,
“Let me turn away from this, that all my inner
life is tainting.”

But I feel the yearning comes not from a love
of something higher;
And I know the love of God does not my sinful
heart inspire.

Rather from a nameless sorrow, — from a sorrow
all regretful,
Wishing to be happier, happier, yet of God and
Heaven forgetful.

If I thought that God would give me all I hope
and pray for daily, —
If I thought that I might sing the song of life
forever gaily ;

Would I have this troubled yearning, would I
have this vain repining, —
Clinging ever to my life, and all its purpose in-
terlining?

From my soul, that starts and trembles at the
thought of pain and trial ;
From my soul, all dim with doubting, comes the
faint and sad denial.

Oh ! my God, lift, lift the shadow, take away
the vain repining,
Let me feel thy sacred presence, all my inner
life refining.

If I ask for something higher, let it be from love
of Heaven ;
Not because I long for more of earthly joy than
thou hast given.

Let the future, stronger, truer, all my past life
reprimanding,
Be replete with this my prayer, "The peace
that passeth understanding."



To God and his Conscience.

ONE year ago to-night, I told you, I had for-
given you,
That all the lonely years of your sorrowful,
penitent manhood
Had expiated the sin of your wicked and reck-
less youth.
You asked me then, to tell about her sad death-
bed.
I tried, but I could not ; 't was one of those times
when mem'ry
Thrills us with deadly pain, and to dwell on the
past is maddening.

To-night I am calm and strong: I will tell you
of that sad hour
When all the joy of my early manhood faded
forever.

Come out with me, Herbert, into the cool, still
evening ;
Leave the gay throng with its wearying, cease-
less confusion ;—
In there, I could not speak the words you will
hear me utter,
For some might overhear us, murmur as low as
we would.
And under the gaslight, I could not look at the
pain in your eyes,
But the moonlight softens all things, and 't will
soften that, you know.
Herbert, one year ago to-night, the bond of
silence was broken,
The bond that held us asunder for so many long,
long years,—
At which our friends so wondered, and talked of,
and guessed at.
But few of them ever knew the reason why you
and I,

Once the dearest of friends, should be the bitterest foes.

I was bound by my sacred promise to one departed,

And you, in your shame and remorse, have guarded the secret faithfully.

Remorse, I say; for I know that you suffered, Herbert,

Repenting your sin with bitter, bitter repentance.

But all your remorse, and my grief, could not bring back unto life

The maiden whom you and I loved — but with love that so widely differed :

You with a selfish, selfish love that destroyed her ;

But I, with a love that was faithful and true till her death.

O Herbert ! Herbert ! had you the soul of a Christian,

That you could take this girl and brand her life with your sin ? ---

Child in look, and almost a child in years, lonely, an orphan,

Betrothed unto me, the friend of your boyhood
and manhood ;
Young and so pure, I gave her into your charge,
And you promised to shield her from evil ; for
with her loveliness rare,
And her poor and lonely station, I thought that
harm might come,
She was so guileless and trusting.

O God ! does not the sin of her ruin rest upon
me as on you ?
How she clung to me, tearful and trembling,
praying me never to leave her,
With that prophetic fear in her sorrowful, beautiful eyes.
But I smiled at the fear, and chided the passionate sobbing,
And told her it grieved me to see her so weak
and so childish.
Then she lifted those dark, sad eyes, trying to
smile on me,
Looking so young and so helpless, so fair and so
helpless,
That I cursed the bitter fate that was driving
me from her,

To seek the gold that would afterwards give me
the power

To call her my wife, in a happy home that was
worthy her.

God knows, I thought it was best; she was so
young, so young —

I could not make her my wife and drag her down
to my poverty.

'T was but a few short years, I said to her,
lightly and gaily,

Then I would come to her, finding her older,
more womanly :

Three short years, and our happiness would be
completed,

All the more perfect, because we had trusted
and waited.

And so I left her,—I left her with soul that fore-
saw not the evil,

The terrible evil that came to her lonely, and
loving and trusting.

O Herbert! Herbert! in the long months that I
waited,

Toiling, and hoping, and praying for that which
was never to come to me :

The blessed, blessed joy of our marriage by
 great love perfected ; —

Did I think of my friend — of my brother, crush-
 ing the noble and lofty ?

Letting that part of his nature which links us to
 sin and to death,

Rise supreme over that which is like unto Christ
 our Redeemer,

Until to his soul, all “dwarfed and distorted” by
 evil,

The temptings of Satan came softly, and were
 not rejected !

Oh ! her letters, her letters — her childish, inno-
 cent letters ; —

You were so kind, so kind, — and she wrote it
 over so often,

That sometimes I felt a strange, strange pang
 shoot through me,

A nameless fear that my darling was drifting
 away from me.

And in those terrible moments all the love of
 my manhood

Rose up and pleaded to see her with passionate,
 passionate pleading.

At last the letters grew changed. I felt it dimly
at first :

And now the burden was “ she was not worthy—
not worthy ; ”

And she wrote it over so oft that my soul grew
dark with suspicion.

Then came a silence, a long and unexplained
silence,

Until at last, when I felt I could bear it no
longer,

I left the scene of that anxious and torturing
sorrow,

And travelled by day and night, in hope to
reach her the sooner.

Gone, gone — no one could tell me whither ! —

Fled in the dark of night, ruined, friendless, for-
saken !

Herbert, I sometimes think I am not yet for-
given,

Although I repented in sorrow, the blasphemous
words which I uttered

Against God's sacred name, in the days when I
searched for my darling.

106 TO GOD AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

I found her at last, at last: but I found her
dying,

With all her bright young bloom departed for-
ever.

When her great dark eyes looked up with their
love and penitence,

I felt the strength of my manhood all forsaking
me,

And could but weep: weep, with the tears of my
anguish

Falling upon the sweet young face that was
pleading and praying forgiveness.

I might have written reproaches—burning, scath-
ing reproaches ;

But with those beautiful eyes fixed on my face
so imploring,

I could but murmur a pardon, mingled with ter-
rible curses,

Terrible threats of my vengeance on him who
had stricken my darling.

Then she rose up weeping, and twining her arms
around me

With all the gathered strength of the life that
was ebbing away from her,

“Promise me this,” she said, “or I cannot rest
in the church-yard :

Say that you will not harm him, — I too was
erring and sinful,

Doubting your love, and questioning why you
should leave me.

Look at me now : you know I will soon cease to
trouble you ;

Do not refuse me this last, last prayer I will
make to you :

Say you will leave him to God — to God and his
conscience.”

And with her little hands holding me fast, as if
she feared the denial,

I promised to leave you to God — to God and
your conscience.

O Herbert ! Herbert ! could you have seen her
when she was dying,—

And she so feared to die with her sin yet resting
upon her, —

Clinging and clinging unto me, and racking my
soul with such anguish

That streaks of gray came into my hair that
night —

108 TO GOD AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

That darkest of nights ; when I felt that the joy
of my manhood
Was silently, silently gliding away in its beauty

Then came a frantic hope, that she might be
spared to me,
Spared for the happier years of a stronger and
purer womanhood.

“Live! live!” I cried, “in the face of the world
and its scorning.

I take you unto my heart, my wife, my wife till
eternity.”

She answered me not. I scarcely think that she
heard me.

I thought she was dead ; and I wept in my des-
olate sorrow.

But the dark eyes opened once more, imploring,
penitent, loving.

I bent and kissed her forehead ;— she lifted her
wasted hands upward ;

And praying her God to forgive her — forgive
her — forgive her,

Her soul went out to that merciful God’s eternity.







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